

# INTEGRITY

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THIS ISSUE — THE DISPOSSESSED

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## EDITORIAL



URING the Nazi regime a book was published which in a special way served as an epitaph for a dead Christianity. It did for charity what Malthus did for providence. It *rationalized* something which should have remained rooted in the mysteries of a higher than human order. Let us recall what Malthus did. He did not invent contraceptives. He did not advocate artificial birth control. All he did was figure out that if people continued to procreate in a normal manner, we would all presently starve because the resources of the earth would rapidly be out-tripped by the population. He presumed to calculate a matter which he should have trusted to God's judgment, since God is the creator of the resources as well as the souls, and it might be assumed that He knows what He is about. After Malthus, birth control followed as a natural consequence.

The author of the Nazi book rationalized about the care of society's weak. He figured that if old and insane people, the mentally retarded and incurably diseased, the crippled and the misfits were allowed to drain the physical and financial resources of the country, the others would suffer, the whole state would be weakened, and the nation would finally be overcome by other less "sentimental" states, so that all its citizens would end by losing everything. The author was unwilling to follow his thesis through to its bitter conclusion of murder (under a variety of pretty names). But he might as well have done so, as others have or will. He merely said: "You people will shrink from the consequences of this truth, but don't be surprised then at what happens to you and your country."

People shrink less and less. The dictatorship countries do not hesitate to dispossess or liquidate whole areas of populations. Anyone in their borders who is a burden may well tremble for his continued existence.

In the democratic countries it looks superficially as though the opposite course were being followed. Never in history have public funds on so large a scale been used for the weak. Yet in the very shadow of the Welfare State we see arising euthanasia, sterilization, compulsory labor and other measures not unlike those of the Nazis and Russians.



So here, as in the matter of birth control, Christians have an opportunity to contrast their lives and ideas with those of secularism. In fact there are so many dispossessed and disinherited in the contemporary world that helping them in Christian charity ought to be the most important problem that society has, more important than war and atom bombs, more important than the American Way of Life and the advance of technology.

The Nazi author's calculations are wrong. It does not weaken a people to care for the unfortunate. It strengthens them. It strengthens them because it fosters their spiritual growth. The strength of individuals and nations is measured in virtue, not in automobiles. However, the carnal prudence of a materialistic generation cannot grasp this truth and it is even somewhat mysterious to Christians. If we could see that Christianity "pays," no faith would be involved. And, in fact, it doesn't "pay" in a humanly calculable sense. Prosperity, culture and peace are the by-products of goodness, but almost accidental and unexpected ones.

The Christian has to operate on another plane. He has to see that Christ shows Himself to our generation as dirty, homeless, covered with spittle and twisted almost out of a human pattern by sufferings and indignities which are beyond our imagination. Only faith and love will see the face of Christ in today's outcasts and only charity will resurrect them. He who sees the unfortunate on some lower plane, as numbers on a relief roll, or broken citizens, or human wrecks, will be unequal to the job of helping them. Or perhaps it is the other way around—he who does not accept the invitation to help Christ in His agony (whether He presents Himself as a D.P., an insane wife, a senile grandfather or a Negro neighbor) cannot be helped by Christ. The truth of the matter may be that our own moral sickness is so great that only some such great cross can save us. What seems to us to be a yoke may be the lever of our own salvation.

THE EDITOR

#### CATHOLIC BOOKS NEEDED IN THE PHILIPPINES

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## THE DISPOSSESSED

It has been pointed out that the age in which we live, heralded the Age of the Common Man, has turned instead into the Age of the Refugee.

When Christians survey the world that followed one general war and seems poised for another, they are appalled by the vastness of the need for rehabilitation. Besides the homelessness of millions of refugees there are remains of wholesale destruction such as the world has never known. A long-term problem poses itself; peoples crowded into areas that cannot support them while resources in other areas go undeveloped for lack of manpower. The flow of peoples and the planning of peaceful settlement was impeded by the years devoted to destruction.

In a general way I shall try to give a broad picture of three aspects of the rehabilitation task which faces us as the largest and best equipped (as far as resources go) body of Catholics in the world.

### Displaced Persons

During the war years I had the privilege of serving the men, women and children who had been made outcasts and offscourings of the dictators of Germany and Russia. In one country I worked with Polish refugees, many of them children, who had been deported to Siberia from their homes in Eastern Poland, and who had been allowed to trek out of Russia after Russia was attacked in 1941. Life had spared those Polish children nothing. Some had buried their own parents in the frozen earth when they perished from starvation and exhaustion.

In another country I saw refugees of many nations as they came to a temporary haven across the Pyrenees from the "Fortress Europe" of the occupied continent. Again there were refugee children, including those Jewish children who had been spirited across their safety across the dangerous mountain passes. The parents of these children had already been deported to the crematories that marked the continent. These children, saved by being hidden in Christian families in the south of France and elsewhere, had not been spared the knowledge of the flaming end to which the lives of their poor parents had been committed.

Along with so many others, I had hoped that the cessation of the war would bring an end to the exile of the many. We felt that peace would mean the return of most of the refugees to their homes. But instead the floodgates of hatred engendered by war years burst open as never before. The countries of Eastern



Europe, in a move which for some reason gained the sanction of the Western Allies at the Potsdam Conference, dispossessed ethnic Germans of homes and lands, and drove them into the bitter exile of chaotic and battered Western Germany. These expelled people were known as Expellees, to distinguish them from the Displaced Persons who were already occupying almost all mass living space in Germany.

The Displaced Persons could hope for no future in Europe for many reasons. If they were Jews, it was because they could find no mental peace in a continent filled with the memories of their beloved and murdered families. If they were Balts, it was because the little countries of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia were under a new and unbelievably brutal occupation marked by waves of deportations to Siberia and by summary liquidations. If they were Poles, it was because half of that persecuted nation had been signed away to a new conqueror by the Allies, and the other half was suffering under a new form of "liberation." If they were Ukrainians, Hungarians, Czechs, Slovaks, it was because the most fundamental rights, even to life and freedom, would be jeopardized by a return to their homes.

In Germany and Austria I saw the Displaced Persons, existing in their bleak camps under UNRRA and later under IRO (International Refugee Organization). Their only hope was resettlement in an area of the world where they could work, and make their contribution to society of which they were capable. In the Polish D.P. camp at Wildflecken, in the Baltic D.P. Camps at Hanau, the Ukrainian camp at Esslingen, and the Jewish D.P. camp at Zeilsheim, I had proof of how the groups of D.P.'s kept themselves occupied against the day when they would again form a normal producing part of society. At Wildflecken, for example, the remains of war, old shells and shrapnel, had been gathered up, and with primitive machinery splendid metal objects, including even monstrances for the Sacred Host, had been fashioned. At the Hanau Baltic camps, the fine mosaic and painted woodwork and embroidery of the Baltic countries was on display. While the Ukrainians at Esslingen had little more than waste wood and straw, they managed to make brightly colored boxes, crosses and other objects in striking, characteristic designs of their native area. At Zeilsheim all the younger people had organized a center for co-operative living, so that on arrival in Palestine they would be ready for the difficulties of group life. They even had cultivated a section of the land around their co-operative, or Kibbutz, so that they would not lose the affinity for hard work.

## The Expellees

After visiting the camps of the D.P.'s, who benefitted by the helpful help from a specially created intergovernmental agency, I travelled from settlement to settlement of the Expellees. For the first five gruelling years of their homelessness (which began as soon as the war in Europe came to an end) the Expellees received no aid or serious attention from intergovernmental agencies. The Expellees, who had been rendered homeless by an intergovernmental decision, were declared to be purely a German problem. German social agencies, already overburdened with the evacuated and broken families of a destroyed nation, now had to cope with an influx of close to twelve million destitute refugees, denuded of possessions. The expelled people arrived on foot, in commandeered passenger trains, but mostly in obscenely over-crowded cattle trains. Of the twelve million Expellees, more than eight million came to the zones of Germany occupied by the Western Allies. Groups of Expellees were routed haphazardly into the industrial and agricultural parts of Germany regardless of their skills or any other consideration. About three million of the Catholic Expellees were routed into the Northern or predominantly Protestant sections of Germany, thus creating a tremendous religious problem which the Church as a whole is trying desperately to resolve.

For many of the Expellees little or nothing could be done. At least fifteen per cent perished during the course of the mass expulsion, or shortly after arrival. For those who survived, unbelievably efficient help came from the local authorities, and from Caritas, the overall Catholic Charities agency of Germany, and the German Mission, the Lutheran Aid organization. Expelled families were billeted in the overcrowded families of a country that had already lost forty per cent of its dwelling space through destruction and war damage.

Old slave labor barracks, used by the Nazi regime to house oppressed foreign labor, were turned into homes, as were old army barracks, ancient castles, barns, cellars and dark air-raid shelters. In some way, every one of the millions of Expellees found himself in some kind of a provisional shelter—all through great effort and incredible sacrifice on the part of the personnel of the religious welfare agencies who even staffed Railroad Missions to give first aid as the bewildered and helpless Expellees were led out of the cattle cars.

In the past five years, the terror of the expulsion days has settled down to the terror of daily life without adequate shelter,



without work, without hope for the future. Only this year has governmental study been published indicating a real awareness of some of the implications of an unintegrated mass of homeless human beings in an unstable continent. This study was made by the ECA Technical Commission, headed by H. Christian Sonne, on the Integration of Refugees into German Life. This report, prepared by an ECA team of expert economists and social welfare leaders, is not concerned with possibilities of migration, but concludes that the presence of the Expellees in Germany calls for 1,000,000 new homes, 100,000 farm settlements, training centers for youth, and extensive loans to set up new enterprises, industries and handicrafts. Until now, almost all literature on the plight of the Expellees had come from religious leaders who abstracted the problem from all political implications, and saw in it the human problem of men denuded of rights, of possessions, of hope.

It is the youth among the Expellees with whom the future has to count. Cut off from education, from truly productive work, from integration in a community, these young people may well reject all human values, may well lose all sense of reverence for accepted patterns of life and traditions. They will hardly become Nazis, since the evidence of Nazi horror and failure is all about them; they will hardly become communist because they saw the depredations of the Red Armies, and know that they owe their homelessness to the actions of communist regimes; they may well become nihilists in the absence of a burning faith or movement from any other source. It is true that for the Catholic youth there are the ministrations of heroic priests and catechists who travel about incessantly to the barracks and camps of the Expellees, instructing the young, and preparing them for the Sacraments. The traditional religious ministrations seem not to be enough for these young people from whom so much has been taken.

In other times Europe has had to count with its dispossessed classes the groups who formed, for example, a fourth estate, cut off from the spiritual and material riches of the society of which they only nominally formed a part. Such groups, coming to feel that nothing could be worse than their lot, will fall for any demagogue, any plan, no matter how destructive. Such groups churn up disturbances and often overturn society. A half a million Expellee young people, who already see themselves as a Fifth Estate, a sub-proletariat, might conceivably be used in the further disintegration of Western European society unless vast more effectual efforts are made to give them some status, some productive place in society, some hope.



I have cited the Expellees of German ethnic origin as a special threat to the equilibrium of a continent because they are so large a group of unintegrated refugees, and because they are a group whose plight should lie very heavily on the conscience of the West.

There are also Italian Expellees, about 125,000 of them, who were expelled from Venezia-Giulia and the whole border area, when the Western Powers awarded Yugoslavia a piece of territory formerly Italian and containing many Italian citizens. From such towns as Pola streamed thousands of unfortunate people who are a drag on an already impoverished Italy.

### **The New Refugees**

There are other refugees in Europe in addition to the D.P.'s and the Expellees. These are loosely termed the New Refugees or Infiltrates.

Totalitarian regimes which ignore the most fundamental rights of man always cause refugees. The Iron Curtain divides Europe into an area where there is a return to barbarism, and another Western area where some of the fruits of Christianity still live—including the respect for the individual and some of that liberty wherewith the sons of God are free. Not an hour passes but somewhere along the Iron Curtain, some driven creature escapes into the West.

I saw, in a heart-breaking journey from Kiel to Trieste, the transit camps where these New Refugees are first given welcome to the Free West. About 300,000 Germans escape from the Soviet Zone every month. They are quickly told at the Transit Camps that after a few days they will have to take to the road and fend for themselves. Many are told that they cannot get jobs, that they cannot get ration cards or an authorization for provisional dwelling space. None go back East. Somehow they force the West to accept them by joining in the life of some half-destroyed, already over-crowded city of Western Germany. At least they seem to keep alive.

At a respectful distance on the Western side of the Iron Curtain are the clusters of barracks that house the New Refugees from Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania. In jam-packed Trieste are Bulgarians, White Russians, Hungarians, Croates, Slovenes and expelled Italians, all existing on the bread of local and international charity.

### **The Displaced Arabs**

It is a sad fact that the most persecuted of peoples, the prototype of all the homeless people in the world, should now be making what they consider to be permanent homes in the villages

from which innocent Arabs have been driven both because of the general hostilities and by specific acts of terror on the part of a small group within the Israeli forces. Arabs numbering close to a million find themselves shelterless in the deserts and settlements around the Holy Land. Plans for work projects have not been successful while plans for re-settlement in neighboring countries have up to now proved fruitless. These refugee Arabs who lived in their simple villages from time immemorial do not know by what path of horror the unfortunate Jewish settlers have left Europe to return to the land which their forefathers had left so long ago.

### Korea

I recently saw a Newsreel of the arrival of U.N. troops in a village in Korea over which a battle raged. As the American soldiers walked cautiously in, still wary of mines and concealed enemies, they were met by Korean civilians waving white cloths, and seemingly giving a joyful welcome. One man, even more energetically than the others, waved a white cloth up and down. As the camera moved to focus on his poor face, you saw that he was still waving dutifully, but that he was at the same time weeping uncontrollably. Next to him was a woman holding a child. As the camera neared, she, too, was seen to be weeping. Suddenly she buried her agonized face behind the face of her child. The refugees of Korea, fleeing before the armies who move back and forth, and forth and back again, may number ten million. They could easily say with the author of the *Imitation of Christ*, "Turn me round, turn me round again, O Lord," as they go back to their charred villages, then turn around and return to a refuge once more.

The war in Korea highlights the role of modern war which is of most concern to ordinary families the world over. Besides driving men, women and children from their homes, modern war, if continued for some time, can gut a country of its resources, its harvests, its buildings, its stocks of all sorts of supplies, its transportation, its factories, its communications systems, its hydro-electric plants. Korea is now a gutted country. When and if the war is over, and the people return to their home places—unmarked by familiar signs of home—what will shelter them? And by what will they live?

### Wholesale Destruction

Europe knows well that though the world has made great progress in the efficiency of destruction, the process of rebuilding is still a slow and painstaking one. Monte Cassino, an abbey



which was the result of hundreds of years of building, rebuilding and loving art work, could be reduced to rubble by the solid pounding of aviation in less than half an hour. British and American bombers did a more thorough work of destroying Dresden, Darmstadt, Kassel, Freiburg, Paderborn and other cities than German bombers did at Coventry or Rotterdam. The terrible shambles that is Europe today, with its bombed-out universities, hospitals, schools, churches and homes, is merely an outward and visible sign of the spiritual shambles in which the old continent found itself. The moral crisis can be seen all over the face of Europe, pock-marked as this face is by concentration camps, refugee camps and ruined cities.

### Over-population

Such countries as Italy, poor in natural resources, but blessed with a vigorous and gifted people, supplied for many years diligent immigrants to such countries as the United States, Brazil and Argentina. The war years closed all frontiers, and Italy sent forth no immigrants. At war's end, the migration moved backward, when Italian colonists were returned from Africa and expelled Italians from Venezia-Giulia poured back into Italy.

There are close to two million men constantly unemployed in post-war Italy—men whose skills and capacity for hard work would help develop the still untapped resources of areas such as Brazil.

We hear much today of "surplus populations" with special reference to Italy, post-war Germany, India and Japan. The term "surplus" would indicate that these groups of the population were unwanted by God or man. It was as though God had turned His Face from large groups of people who could not be supported by the resources presently on the earth. Many experts have become prophets of doom on the subject of the so-called "surplus" populations, and call for stronger measures to promote birth control and even sterilization.

Gandhi condemned birth control as a remedy for India's population pressures, though Nehru has recently espoused it as a panacea.

I heard a Japanese Buddhist, a member of the Parliament of his country, rule out birth control as a solution to Japan's over population because he said "it was against" the laws of God! The Christian West, on the other hand, shows Japan one of the products of its technology in the newest devices for contraception. Japan, already acquainted with the last word in scientific know-how through a device known as the atomic bomb, might well

have some misgivings about the ultimate effect of these devices on its society as a whole.

Christians regard the resources of the earth and the funds of the earth as gifts of God. It is against justice for one group or nation to exploit these resources for their exclusive benefit (as in the colonialism for which we are now paying the heavy price). The time has come to release tensions in over-populated areas, to relieve population pressures, by planful migration movements. Only in such a way can the groundwork of any future peace be laid. When land and natural resources are put at the disposal of the Italians, the Japanese and other peoples; when their struggle for daily living becomes somewhat eased, the birthrate will drop and level off. According to the principle of Doubleday, nature favors the race over the individual. When there is a hard struggle for life and conditions of living are low, many babies are born, so that some will reach maturity. When conditions of life are more normal and food is more plentiful, the number of births lessen.

But whether this principle always works out or not, there are solutions to the problems of over-populated areas (not surplus population) besides birth control.

When there is a flow of peoples over borders, the contacts of cultures release new energies, new methodologies that bring new riches into the world. The social nature of properties and resources would call for special efforts at this time on behalf of those peoples who want only a chance to work in an area where work exists. Nations blessed with abundant resources have a special duty to share them by admitting immigrants within these borders. Planned movements of peoples from areas of population pressure are among the surest means of bringing about that balance and equilibrium in world economy which is basic to peace and stability among the nations. The sharing of the earth's goods is surely one of the arts of peace. We have not practiced this art and it may be that if we start now to undo the horrors of exploitation of the century that has preceded us, we shall start on the road of peace.

### **What Has Been Done**

This swiftly drawn picture of displacement, mass homelessness, destruction, and unrelieved population pressures resulting in sub-human living, is one that might tend to paralyse action by its very immensity. There is reason for hope, however, in what has already been accomplished. The Displaced Persons have been resettled in the farthest corners of the globe—Australia, South America, England, the United States.



The merciful Hierarchy of the United States set up War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, both to channel relief from American Catholics to destitute civilian populations in destroyed lands, and to help settle refugees. So far nearly eighty thousand Displaced Persons have been brought to the United States under the auspices of War Relief Services—NCWC. Seventeen offices in Europe help D.P.'s and Expellees in various ways. For example, no D.P. who must remain in Europe will be abandoned. Many thousands of D.P.'s never recovered from their concentration camp experience; others are tubercular or chronically ill, aged or belong to non-economic family units (widows or widowers with children). These cannot be resettled and are known as the Hard Core group.

In co-operation with IRO (the International Refugee Organization) War Relief Services—NCWC will work with local Catholic Charities in Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands to find places for the unfortunates belonging to the Hard Core. Every chronically ill or tubercular D.P. will find a place in a hospital. Already special hospitals have been open for them, such as the 250-Bed Institution in Regensburg, Bavaria. Every aged or blinded D.P. will find a place in the appropriate Welfare Centre. The Little Sisters of the Poor in France have accepted nearly a thousand aged D.P.'s for permanent care.

Thus the D.P. problem which seemed at first so staggeringly insoluble, is on the way to being solved.

Even the Expellee problem, dark as it is in many aspects, has its more heartening side. Here the resources of religious agencies were taxed to the utmost and beyond—because inter-governmental aid was lacking. *Caritas* (Catholic Charities) of Germany and Austria showed the eternal youth and energy of the Church through their almost miraculous intensification of services. Railroad Station Missions were staffed to meet the incoming cattle trains with their despairing human cargo, often dead and dying. New institutions were opened up almost overnight for the aged, the sick, those separated from families.

With the bedding, clothing, food and medicines sent through War Relief Services—NCWC by the Catholics of the United States, countless lives were saved. Even penicillin and streptomycin, medicines unobtainable in Germany and Austria, were sent monthly in large quantities to save the lives of those who would otherwise have surely perished. Housing projects in twenty dioceses have been started with American help.

Even the Korean refugees are wrapped in blankets and clothing sent from American Catholics through the agency of their Hierarchy. The crowded city of Pusan has a new dispensary staffed by Maryknollers who know Korean and are supplied with the best in American medicines through the gifts of American Catholics. The poor, maimed and suffering people start lining up for care at four o'clock in the morning.

There is scarcely a D.P. Camp, Expellee Camp or a Camp of New Refugees previously close to the Iron Curtain that has not received the ministrations of a Catholic worker whose task it is to give help to those abandoned by the world.

Before the Iron Curtain rang down conclusively, millions of long-suffering people had received proof of love in action through help from Catholic sources.

The Holy See is deeply concerned with the problems of overpopulation and recently set up the International Catholic Migration Commission, with headquarters in Geneva. This Commission will aim to interpret the problem to Catholics and to stimulate action among Catholic groups in both countries of emigration and immigration. It will be vigilant of family rights in all migration schemes. In a letter from the Papal Secretariate of State to James J. Norris, Chairman of the Commission, the spiritual aspect of the problem is stressed.

Such a problem, so intimately connected with the spiritual well-being of countless souls, acquires at present a particular importance because of the industrial and social conditions which have arisen as a consequence of the war. While some reasons, mostly of a political nature, did not allow during the years immediately following the war, movements of large groups of people from one country to another, the moment now has been reached for a large number of emigrants to find, together with their families, a new home and a new field of work. It is more than clear that this pressing need for emigration requires from the Church a more intensified effort toward wider goals.

Thus in all aspects of rehabilitation for a war-destroyed world, Catholics, both lay and clerical, and Catholic organizations as such, have fulfilled the social message of Christ's Gospels. American Catholics in particular have been most active because the Lord has seen fit to shield them from bombings, from mass homelessness, from the terror of totalitarian persecution. Through gifts given humbly and anonymously to the agency of their Bishops, War Relief Services—NCWC, they have brought medicine



to the wounded Korean, life-giving food to the Italian orphan, covering to the shelterless Expellees, new homes for Displaced Persons. Though it is more rewarding personally to send individual help to a needy person or institution overseas, and though this is a worthy second charity, it is more selfless to cast one's gift on that stream of gifts that is collected yearly in every parish of the nation. When there is never enough to meet all needs, it is the way of prudence to put gifts into the hands of those who are on the spot and can give to the most needy, not the most vociferous. War Relief Services—NCWC puts the resources at its disposal into the hands of the denuded church of Europe—so that those who come in the extremity of their need will not be turned away. It was in this way that the collection was made for the Saints in Jerusalem when they long ago fell into hunger and want.

Up to now the total generosity of Americans in their voluntary efforts at rehabilitation have been beyond all knowing in generosity. For its work of relief and resettlement War Relief Services—NCWC has been able to dispense more than \$165,-000,000 in goods and services since the end of World War II. These sums came in blessed money—the gifts of the poor. There were women who gave up their vacations to send their saved vacation money to the orphans of war; others who worked overtime to give bigger contributions, others who sewed for homes to make and remake garments for the naked. All this is better known to the homeless suffering of the world than to the American Catholics who did it so quietly and simply.

### **Our Part in Rehabilitation**

Our first duty in any and all aspects of the most Christian work of rehabilitating a broken world is to see for ourselves, and clarify for others, the essentially spiritual nature of the problem.

Modern war, which created or intensified the problems outlined heretofore, is the ultimate triumph of secularism, of action without any relation to God or His laws. The Church, which earlier condemned the use of the barbarous weapon, the cross bow, against human beings; which always protected the innocent non-combatants in time of war, now is not heard. Methods of war are used now which kill human beings as if they were insects—en masse, from far away. Mass bombing raids destroy little children at their desks in school, mothers by their new-born infants in hospitals, the aged in their chairs. The man who drops the bomb feels no guilt because he hears no screams of agony, he sees no scattered limbs, he touches no blood of the innocent slain.

The Church condemned any injury to non-combatants. Now some moralists try to justify mass-bombing raids under the principle of the double effect or *per accidens*. But some bombing raids were perpetrated for one effect—to destroy civilian morale by an overwhelming use of force. After Hitler's attack on Russia the Bishops of Germany told the fighting forces that their Fatherland was in danger and that they should defend it—though up to that time they had been resolute foes of Hitler's program and had so guided their flocks. Thus Catholics joined in a war and occupation which were so tremendously cruel that hatreds were worked up that generations will hardly erase. At the same time American Bishops condemned the Nazi war effort as Satanic and urged their flocks to co-operate in its destruction. Thus Christians on both sides proceeded to annihilate each other, and destroy society, with good consciences. Thus the secular values of nationalism and the unrestricted use of violence won the day. No moral good could have come out of such a situation—nor did it.

The Holy Father has repeatedly deplored the methods of modern warfare and the Hierarchy of France has condemned the use of the atomic bomb, but such strictures now go unheeded. It is pagan statesmen and generals who make policies and they do not besiege the doors of the moralists before doing so.

Mass expulsions are the continuation of war by other means. All sides joined in perpetrating, or sanctioning, mass expulsions, thus giving us the refugee problem in all its horror—as well as the even more horrible fact of the mass deportations to Siberia of people whom no hand of help can reach.

Unless Christians begin again to see war as essentially a theological problem, we shall probably take our full part in a new series of mass destructions and mass expulsions. We shall do our part in killing the innocent for a good cause, for a half-good cause, or for a really bad cause—as we did in the last war. We must all help to forge the new theology of war that is so urgently called for in a time that has presented so many absolutely new methods of killing in total war.

American Catholics have a peculiar duty to help rehabilitate the formerly warring Catholics of Europe who still hate each other with so implacable a hatred—the Poles and the Germans, the Germans and French, the French and Italians, the Italians and Yugoslavs, the Czechs and Slovaks and so on. Forgiveness after so much inflicted suffering can only be supernatural. If Catholics cannot forgive and be reconciled, then there is little hope for the future of an ancient continent. Americans do not feel these re-

sentments so deeply because of the accident of their life in a new continent. A great work of reconciliation is marked out for us.

Catholic Action in America is still young and unformed. Its growth would seem to be bound up with its acceptance of the burdens of help and relief placed on it. Continuous charity to the whole world is asked for from American Catholics—a charity that calls for a ruthless giving up of all surpluses. We must take literally the words of Saint Paul:

In this present time let your abundance supply their want, that their abundance also may supply your want, that there be an equality. As it is written: "He that had much had nothing over, and he that had little had no want."

Unfortunately our lay people and clergy are just entering into a period of acceptance in this great country. The sons and daughters of immigrants are getting their first heady taste of respectability and good living. Our charity to the homeless grows cold as we find we must allow ourselves those little extras in life and religious externalities that mean so much to culture and respectability. We are working so hard to be like everybody else, when we are only called to be like One, the Son of Man.

A channel has been created that will carry help to the broken-hearted and broken-spirited in every penetrable area of the world. If this agency were supported with even greater sacrifice, work of rehabilitation, motivated by love, would be accomplished which would light up the darkest places of the world. Channels are also open to send gifts to individual families, thus opening up a relationship of Christian friendship.

We must also fearlessly urge on governments a moral approach to the problem of rehabilitation. Certainly, here in the United States, we need to amend our immigration law to give a better example of acceptance of refugees and families from overpopulated areas. We should support governmental and inter-governmental efforts, to resettle Japanese in Argentina, Expellees in Canada, Italians in Brazil.

But unless all our public-spirited efforts are based on continuous charity from our own personal resources to support the rehabilitation effort of the Catholic Church, then our efforts are fruitless and misplaced.

Never in history have the innocent been so dispossessed and despoiled as in our time. The tragedies that we see are the broken bodies, the fatherless, the homeless, but the greater tragedy that we cannot see is the great accumulation of guilt that rises over



the world of our day—the guilt of slaying the innocent, of driving the poor from the shelter of their homes into exile, the guilt of withholding the fruits of God's earth from those who lack even bread.

It is only by going forth to the needy with gifts of sacrifice and love that we can help purge away this accumulation of guilt, and help to prevent the world from becoming in another war a charnel-house of the innocent slain.

EILEEN EGAN

## DIVES AND LAZARUS



THE DOGS, AT LEAST, LICKED HIS SORES.

CHARLOT

## SCIENCE, RELIGION and ALCOHOLISM

I am an active Catholic layman, conscious of the privileges and the obligations of my faith.

I am also an alcoholic.

For more years than I have stomach to look back on, this combination has caused a harrowing of soul. It has at times led me to the despairful conviction that my moral weakness was such as to cut me off forever from the goodness my mind saw and my heart desired. It has brought me—a man with an unusually thorough training in philosophy and theology—to making distinctions between the applications of the moral teaching of my Church and the intention of God. Many times my uncontrolled craving for alcohol has dominated, even obliterated, every other consideration, including that of my own welfare, the welfare of any other human being, and my relationship to my Creator and Redeemer.

Unlike non-Catholic alcoholics, I did not taste the dregs of those years in the pain caused to family and friends, in the betrayals of trust, in the thousand mean deceptions, or in the repeated social degradations. Those did hurt. But engulfing them all and reducing them to items of minor importance, was the unspeakable terror of feeling cut off from goodness and from God—the terror, quite literally, of Hell. Beside it, nothing else mattered.

And all this went on, mind you, while I was living an outwardly adequate, active Catholic life. There are people who have known me all those years who do not to this moment know that I am an alcoholic, others who only know it at second-hand. That was possible because my particular "pattern" of drinking did not involve disappearances for days or weeks at a time. It was rather a question of extending an evening (sometimes a mid-day) drinking session into the following dawn and then stumbling through the next day by a series of subterfuges. My career could be portrayed by the endless repetition of one picture: a man pushing himself up from the gutter, walking dazedly for a few steps, refreshing himself with deep breaths of clean air till he was striding forward with vigorous resolve only to trip over his own feet and land back flat on his face.

By a certainly gratuitous grace of God, I kept getting up, and each time I got to my feet I was absolutely certain I would stay up. The certainty was sometimes belied within hours.

I tried the Sacraments. Between drinking bouts I made frequent and intensive use of the channels of grace available to me. They did not seem to help.

When not drinking, I was a daily communicant, I did a lot of spiritual reading, I made frequent retreats, I have knelt far into the night saying the rosary with arms outstretched in penance and petition.

But I have come from a private closed retreat made with the utmost fervor and devotion—and walked straight into the first saloon I met. I have frequently been at Holy Communion in the morning and drunk the same night. I have seen my rosary emptied out on a police blotter with my tie, my belt and the contents of my pockets, before I was led off to a cell.

This went on for years with something under two weeks—and that only attained once—as my record period of abstinence.

Then, a few months ago, on the advice of friends and with their assistance, I quite suddenly broke the pattern and stopped drinking. I did it by the combined use of two of the techniques recently evolved for the rehabilitation of alcoholics. That is, I followed one of the treatments against a background of knowledge of and contact with the other.

It is now an established fact that I have gone without alcohol for a much longer period than ever since the drinking started. My drinking has been arrested. I have not been cured of alcoholism. I am still an alcoholic and a moment of carelessness or over-confidence could start me back on the old cycle within an hour of writing these words. But I am not drinking. I am doing my best to fulfill my duty to myself, to my fellow-man and to God. I am, within the limitations of human nature and my own temperament, at peace.

That is a fact and the fact raises some questions.

How is it that the natural means succeeded when the supernatural means failed? If a man can resist the "compulsion" to drink because he has taken a pill that will make him violently ill if he does drink, why can he not resist it because it will land him in Hell? Or, to put it positively, is the pill a greater help than the grace of God?

If a man can stop drinking because another man convinces him he is an alcoholic and one drink means disaster, why can he not stop when a priest tells him that he has a chronic weakness and is bound under pain of mortal sin to avoid the occasion of sin?

If a man can stop drinking because other alcoholics have done it before him and are willing to help him do the same, why



can he not deny himself when Christ, the saints and his whole Church tell him that that is the only way to salvation and they are willing to help him along it?

If a man can stop drinking by following twelve rules of conduct laid down by two drunks, why can he not stop it by following the ten commandments and the moral and ascetic teaching of his faith?

One answer can be given to all these questions if we take them in their absolute sense, "he can." But we do not live in absolutes. The unfortunate fact of experience is that the man doesn't and he doesn't because he can't. That is neither theory nor excuse. It is a cold fact of experience to which I and thousands like me can attest. Most non-alcoholics must, with all the good will in the world, find it difficult, if not impossible, to accept this declaration of powerlessness over the habit. Common sense and their own experience of fighting against desire tell them that the reason the man can not is that he will not. His love of the pleasurable, they can scarcely avoid concluding, is greater than his desire for the good. He is, whatever the cause or however you dress up the conditions, a moral weakling. He is a sinner, unwilling to be separated from his sin.

This quite understandable and reasonable attitude has in the past done irreparable harm to the victim of alcoholism by plunging him, each time he met it, further and further down the ever-descending spiral of his despair. It is still all too prevalent; but the harm it does is no longer irreparable.

For today the alcoholic finds his hitherto unheeded avowal of helplessness supported by an array of scientifically established evidence that no just man who studies it will contest. This evidence comes from the research of physicians, psychologists, and latterly—thanks be to God!—such Catholic moralists as Father John C. Ford, S.J.

### **Theological Study of the Problem**

Immediately upon bringing in the name of a Catholic moralist, I must again stress that there is no question of the *absolute* impossibility of an alcoholic's stopping drinking "only" by spiritual motives and supernatural aid. That would be absurd and contrary to fact. There has been a glorious parade of unsung Matt Talbots. The question is one of *moral* impossibility which may be rooted either in subjective failure to understand and/or co-operate intelligently with the spiritual and the supernatural, or in some objective defect in necessary concomitants to the ordinary channels through which spiritual and supernatural aid reach the ordinary Catholic.

The nature and extent of this "moral impossibility" is obviously a question of great importance for the alcoholic and for his confessor or anyone else who wants to help him. Before offering an opinion on it out of my own experience and knowledge, I should like to lay the ground by a brief discussion from an alcoholic's point of view of a recent work of Father Ford's. For, in this paper, *Depth Psychology, Morality and Alcoholism* (Weston College, Weston 93, Mass., \$1.00), the eminent Jesuit moralist discusses the present state of knowledge on Depth Psychology (with its much quoted findings about compulsive behavior) and on alcoholism as a disease. After separating what may be regarded as scientifically established fact from what is not certainly such, he deals first with the general question of subjective morality in the light of Depth Psychology and then with the particular question of subjective responsibility in alcoholism.

The paper (reprinted from the *Proceedings* of the Fifth Annual Meeting of The Catholic Theological Society of America, held at Washington last summer) is divided into two parts: "Depth Psychology and Morality" and "Alcoholism." Father Ford states that the two parts are "not closely related to one another," a statement which can only be accepted, on the evidence of the author's own findings in the second part, after a somewhat nice distinction of the meaning of the word "closely."

It begins with what to the non-expert seems to be an impartial presentation of unconscious motivation as described in the Freudian and derived systems. After distinguishing three levels in the Freudian system—metaphysics, psychology and therapeutics—it quotes from Catholic psychiatrists who find much that is good on the latter two levels of Freudian thinking. These Catholics include Father Jean Rimbaud who says, in the words of Father Ford's summary, "Psychoanalysis, apart from its errors and excesses, has discovered a new man. It makes the treatise *De Actibus Humanis* more or less obsolete. At least it must all be rewritten lest we base our morality on something illusory—a 'man' or 'conscience' that does not exist." Then Father Ford presents a convincing mass of reputable opinion, Catholic and non-Catholic, which makes the Freudian school suspect of the capital scientific sin of treating an hypothesis as an established fact and accuses it of the error of making the abnormal the norm of the normal.

In offering his conclusions as a moralist, Father Ford wisely waives any claim to pass upon the scientific issue. He says: "Unconscious motivation as described in the Freudian and derived systems is a controversial theory, not yet established, nor agreed

upon by psychologists generally—hence the moralist is not forced to re-write his treatise *De Actibus Humanis* in the light of that psychology. But even if it is accepted that unconscious motivation exists and influences notably our conscious human activity, there is no proof that it eliminates or notably impairs the freedom of our everyday deliberate decisions. . . . The direct testimony of the conscience of the individual agent in his individual acts is, up to this moment, a better criterion of subjective morality than the quicksands of depth psychology.”

That is no new conclusion, but it is refreshing to find it arrived at with such patient and understanding study of contrary opinion.

The second part of the essay gets to immediate grips with the special problem of alcoholism in these words: “Whereas the first part of our essay dealt with subjective responsibility in normal individuals, it should become apparent from the present discussion that the alcoholic is not a normal individual where responsibility for his drinking is concerned. He is across the line on the abnormal side and his drinking is correctly termed pathological.”

Before going further, Father Ford throws off the casual statement that “psychoanalysis has been unsuccessful with alcoholism.” I am sure the author could defend this. But I feel equally certain that proportionately as many psychiatrists would resent it as would priests that other generalization, “religion has been unsuccessful with alcoholism.” Both dissenting groups would be likely to borrow words from Chesterton and reply, “It has not failed. It has never been tried.”

### **Distinction Between Drunkenness and Alcoholism**

The first important point established by Father Ford is the distinction between mere drunkenness and its morality and the morality of alcoholism. He says: “Alcoholism is not the same thing as drunkenness; not even the same thing as excessive drinking; not even the same thing as excessive drinking over a long period of time.” For, as he points out, there are people who can do all these things without becoming alcoholics. They can stop if they want to, much as a man with a long habit of smoking can give it up.

The author proceeds from here with an authoritative and completely accurate discussion of the nature of alcoholism. Since it was not within his intention, he did not dwell upon the implications and the consequences, therapeutic and moral, of the distinction between drunkenness and morality. From my own experience and the experience and knowledge of others, I know



that acceptance of this distinction and an attitude based on such acceptance form the all-important first step that must be taken both by the victim of alcoholism and by anyone who would aid in his rehabilitation. It is a hard step for both parties to take. The first is extremely unwilling to admit that he is not as other men—that he is an alcoholic. The second, if he is a non-alcoholic, cannot for the life of him see why the other cannot pull himself together and put an end to his bad habit. Each can overcome his different obstacles to taking the step if he has good will, is willing to make inquiry and accept authority.

For the alcoholic, or the person who suspects that he may be an alcoholic, the handiest way of making inquiry might be the twenty-question test, devised by Dr. Seliger, formerly of Johns Hopkins University, and cited in a footnote to Father Ford's paper:

- (1) Do you lose time from work due to drinking?
- (2) Is drinking making your home life unhappy?
- (3) Do you drink because you are shy with other people?
- (4) Is drinking affecting your reputation?
- (5) Have you ever felt remorse after drinking?
- (6) Have you ever gotten into financial difficulties as a result of drinking?
- (7) Do you turn to lower companions and an inferior environment when drinking?
- (8) Does your drinking make you careless of your family's welfare?
- (9) Has your ambition decreased since drinking?
- (10) Do you crave a drink at a definite time daily?
- (11) Do you want a drink the next morning?
- (12) Does your drinking cause you to have difficulty in sleeping?
- (13) Has your efficiency decreased since drinking?
- (14) Is drinking jeopardizing your job or business?
- (15) Do you drink to escape from worries or trouble?
- (16) Do you drink alone?
- (17) Have you ever had a complete loss of memory due to drinking?
- (18) Has your physician ever treated you for drinking?
- (19) Do you drink to build up self-confidence?
- (20) Have you ever been to a hospital or institution on account of drinking?

Father Ford sets forth general medical and psychiatric agreement that alcoholism is a twofold disease of the body and of the mind. Then he indicates the extent to which efforts to determine the causes of each of these ills have gone. "There is good reason for believing that there is a physiological basis for the alcoholism of many alcoholics; that there is a bodily pathology which contributes to their condition. But there is no unanimity yet among scientific men as to the existence of these bodily factors; nor have

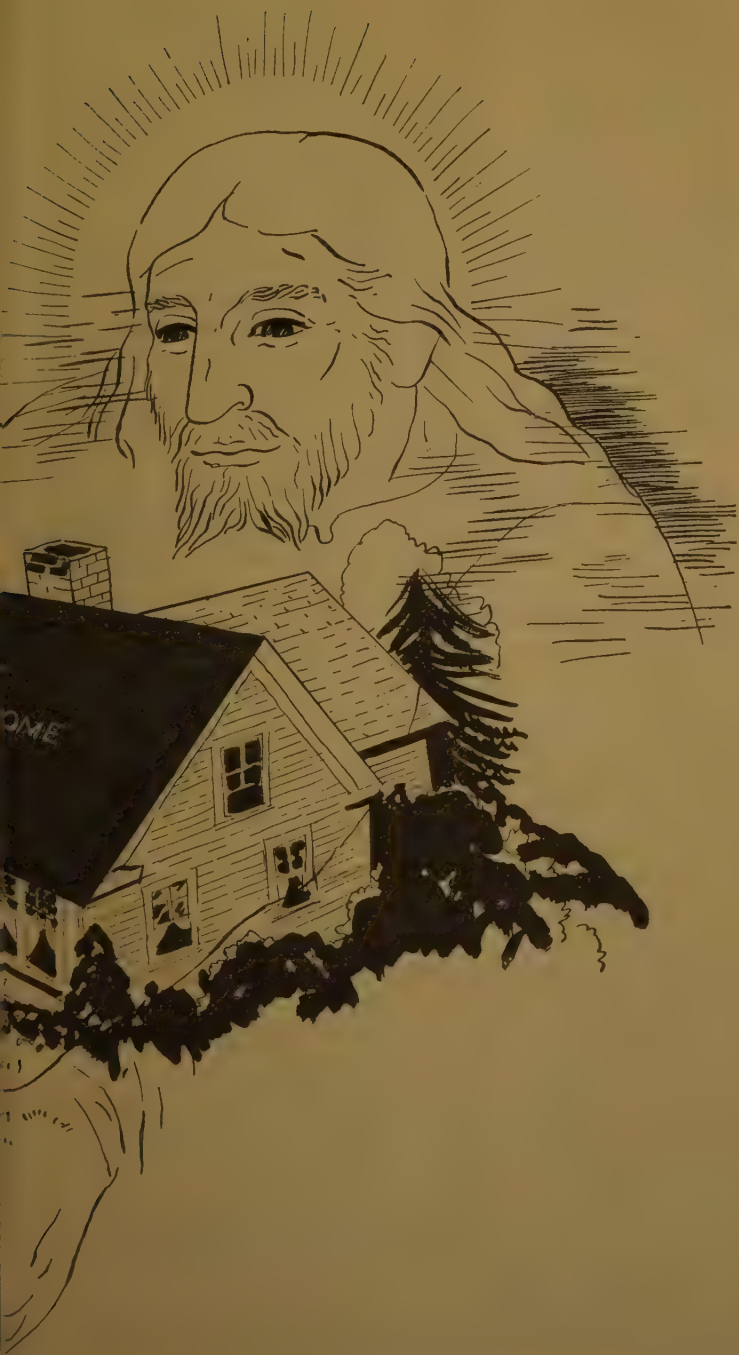
they succeeded in identifying them to everyone's satisfaction, but we can assert with probability that alcoholism is a bodily disease in many alcoholics. This is the sense in which it may be called a bodily disease." In what sense is it called a disease of the mind? "Not in the sense that alcoholics are insane, although, as already mentioned, among alcoholics there are psychotic individuals, and there are some who as a partial result of their alcoholism suffer from delirium tremens, or hallucinations, or Korsakoff's psychosis, etc. But when we say alcoholism is a disease, or disorder, or sickness of a mental kind we mean that the drinking itself is to a greater or lesser degree *compulsive*. Many psychiatrists describe it as psycho-neurosis of the obsessive-compulsive type. On this point—the compulsive character of the alcoholic's drinking—I believe there is great unanimity among all the psychiatrists and other specialists in the field."

In the course of discussing this compulsion, Father Ford makes a statement which I, as an alcoholic, would beg you, a non-alcoholic, to accept even if you do not understand how it can be so. He writes: "There are times when the alcoholic reaches for a drink blindly and compulsively even when he has had nothing to drink for a considerable period. I was not ready to believe this at first. But after listening to hundreds of alcoholics tell their stories, and after questioning many of them on that very point, I am convinced that not only after having had some drinks but even after a considerable period of sobriety the alcohol reaches out compulsively and blindly for the first drink."

That statement is stark truth and the compulsion and blindness take many forms. In my own experience, after having "dropped in for a couple of beers with the boys" and finished up by drinking to drunkenness not once or twice or ten or eleven times, but time after time after time for years, I have again gone in to have a drink with the boys and felt absolutely certain and clear in my conscience that I was just going to have that couple of drinks and go home. I am so certain of the honesty of my belief at those moments that I can affirm it before God. I am also fully aware that it is against all reason and common sense that I could possibly have felt like that when I knew so well what had happened so often before. I am also aware that it is the common excuse of any moral coward to say, "I couldn't help it." But neither the shame of being accused of that, nor the fear of ridicule alters the fact that I was quite certain I was only going to have a couple of beers.







In my case I had not yet fully admitted that I was an alcoholic. But whatever the reason, the fact stands and it demands recognition.

So there, I think, we have the basic first step in the rehabilitation of the alcoholic: the non-alcoholic accepting authoritative opinion that there is, as distinct from common drunkenness, such a thing as a disease called alcoholism; the alcoholic accepting authoritative opinion that he is subject to that disease.

The fundamental reason for the success of Alcoholics Anonymous is the absolute finality with which that first step is taken by both sides. For both "doctor" and "patient" are alcoholics who have made the admission that "I am powerless over alcohol." There is no lack of understanding on the one side, no feeling of being unjustly despised on the other.

### **A Triple Sickness**

So far we have nothing more than a moralist's report on the findings of science about alcoholism. Father Ford now takes up the moral aspect and adds to bodily and mental sickness a third sickness of soul. He says: "But I do not believe we have any adequate picture of the disease called alcoholism unless we add a third fact. Alcoholism is also a sickness of the soul. The sickness of the soul is sin. Alcoholics have no monopoly on this sickness but they have to a greater extent than other people the unhappy faculty of letting their sins become manifest." The paper then speaks of neurosis and sin and says, "Psychiatrists who do not believe in sin will class all these persons as neurotics. Religious-minded people who know nothing of neurosis will class all these people as sinners. But I see no inherent difficulty in admitting that the same person can be both a neurotic and sinner. In the case of the alcoholic, he can be both a compulsive drinker and a sinner, his misconduct being at times the product of his compulsion and at other times of his willfulness."

The alcoholic will agree to that. In fact, he will be glad about it as a just and clarifying judgment.

Then Father Ford supports his "sickness of soul" finding by reference to the success of Alcoholics Anonymous whose members attain lasting sobriety through adherence to the Twelve Steps, which "are nothing but a program of moral and spiritual regeneration, a program of self-discipline and asceticism that has been compared to the First Week of the Exercises of Saint Ignatius." Here are the Twelve Steps:

(1) We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable. (2) Came to be-

lieve that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity. (3) Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God *as we understood Him*. (4) Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves. (5) Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs. (6) Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character. (7) Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings. (8) Made a list of all persons we had harmed and became willing to make amends to them all. (9) Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others. (10) Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it. (11) Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God *as we understood Him*, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out. (12) Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps we tried to carry this message to alcoholics and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

The reader will notice that emphasis of this program is all on spiritual values, and that alcohol is only mentioned once. The priest will at once say that these are the things he has been telling people all his life and that if the alcoholic would only listen to him he would not need doctors, psychiatrists, AA or anything else.

Which brings us back to one of the questions we posed earlier. Why is it that AA's could stop an alcoholic's drinking when the Church failed?

### **Inadequate Use of Religious Means**

To my mind, the primary reason lies in that first step of which I have spoken above: the recognition by both priest and penitent of the distinction between mere drunkenness and alcoholism as a disease. Berating an alcoholic for being a no-good drunk, or whining at him for "doing this to me and the children" does nothing but drive him back to drink. The alcoholic may or may not be a reprobate. He is certainly a sick man.

The second reason I give for the success of AA is a rather shocking one. I offer it in humility and with all due respect. *Alcoholics Anonymous insists more vigorously on the practice of those principles of Christian ascetics and the spiritual life than do priests of the Church of Christ.*

Let's look at the Twelve Steps. From Steps 3 to 10 they describe in substance the requirements for a good Confession as we learned them from our catechism. They lack the priest and



the grace of the Sacrament. Yet they bring about conversion of life where sacramental Confession has failed. Now, the grace of God never fails. So there must have been something blocking the channel. That block can only be man's failure to co-operate with the grace. The failure, in turn, must essentially lie in the understanding or in the will of the penitent. Granting that the penitent alcoholic really wants to stop, and allowing for the weakness of will born of habitual indulgence, we must put a large part of the blame on the penitent's understanding. He does not understand the nature of his soul-sickness and he does not understand the absolute necessity of specific remedial action.

This is where the priest should come in as physician of souls. And this is where the priest so often fails. He fails to enlighten the penitent's understanding. He fails to prescribe a regime for the strengthening of his will. AA does both. It not only tells the man what is the matter with him but it adds, "Here's what you have to do if you want to get better." Now the Church in its general teaching does the same for all Christians. But the priest, the immediate point of contact through which the Church's teaching passes to the individual, does not bring this teaching to bear in the specific instance. Were you ever asked to make restitution as specifically as the member of AA is in Steps 8 and 9? Where outside a retreat for religious is anyone ever asked to "make a list" of all the people he has harmed? Where can the layman go to receive individual guidance and help through a course of spiritual exercises to strengthen him against his particular weakness?

He is asked to do these things and does get this aid in AA which also gives him in Step 11 an invitation to perfection and a doorway to the Church. Many alcoholics find in the AA program all the religion they need, more urgent demand for the practice of soul-satisfying Christian virtue than in the Churches to which they may have belonged. For these people AA *is* a religion, although objectively and in itself it is most definitely nothing of the kind. It is an aid to sobriety for people of any religion.

The fact that it does satisfy a religious hunger where the Churches do not is one more reason for the priests of the Church of Christ informing themselves on the nature and treatment of alcoholism. It is one more reason for urging our Christian people to more knowledge and stronger practice of Christian asceticism.

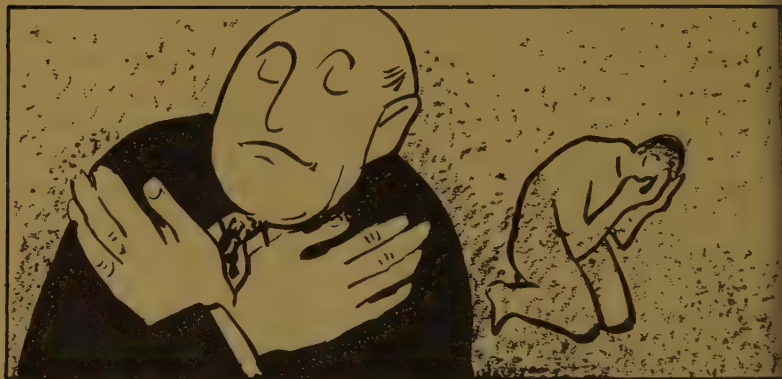
If a layman may presume from the depths of his own experience on the outside of the confessional grill, I should like to outline a procedure which I think would have helped me and perhaps enabled grace to perform its healing work.

I would have liked the priest to have questioned me along the lines of Seliger's twenty questions and then have told me that I was an alcoholic, a sick man who had to take special measures to remove his weakness. I would have liked him to be, like Father Ford, "of the opinion that it is generally unwise for the confessor or counsellor to tell excessive drinkers that they are obliged *sub gravi* not to drink at all." I think I would have been helped if he had asked me to come back to him frequently, to call upon him at once as a patient would a doctor in case of relapse, to get it out of my head that he might think I wasn't even trying. I would have been glad if he had encouraged me to distinguish between the times I was aware I was putting myself in the occasion of sin and the times I wasn't. I would have liked him to recommend literature on alcoholism and to suggest that I join AA. I would have been eased in soul had he laid down as a condition of forgiveness that I set about making reparation to those I had offended. I would have liked him to explain to me the technique of the particular examen. I would have liked him to explain to me that grace builds on nature and that I had to take the available natural means to strengthen my soul.

For my part, and this gets me back to Father Ford's paper, I would not have wanted to escape responsibility for my drunken conduct. I would have agreed that "The average alcoholic feels himself more or less guilty for the things that happen while he is in this state, although his general confusion of mind is an attenuating circumstance"; and that "His responsibility for his drinking is generally diminished to a considerable extent, and sometimes eliminated, but each alcoholic, each drinking episode, and even each act of drinking must be judged separately . . . the honest and enlightened testimony of his own conscience is the best criterion we have of his responsibility . . . and in the final analysis the judgment must be left to a merciful God."

It still remains true that extraneous aids have worked with me and with thousands of others, where unaided religion has not. Father Ford goes so far as to say, "Co-operation with Alcoholics Anonymous is essential to the successful pastoral care of alcoholics." But it makes a big difference to the Catholic alcoholic whether or not he seeks this outside aid with the blessing and understanding of his Church. When he does so, his alcoholism is transformed from a soul-eating monster to a *felix culpa* which turns him toward the practice of Christian perfection.

JOHN DOE



## ECCE HOMO

The Pharisee stands upon the altar-steps and grasps the rail firmly. Bending his complacent and slightly ox-like gaze upon the gilded tabernacle, he murmurs a prayer. It is fitting indeed that he should offer thanks to a bountiful God Who has showered him with gifts. He is proud of his job; proud of his happy, healthy family; proud of his influential friends; above all proud of his country. The greatest in wealth, science and power, it has taken the leadership of the world. How glad he is not to belong to one of those befuddled countries, over there, that go either fascist or communist! And then these chaps come begging for money, without even saying, thank you!

At the thought, he becomes righteously angry. He is not hard-hearted, not at all; he likes to give to the deserving poor. Also he is broad-minded and ready to believe that some of the poor devils did their best. But why can't they adjust themselves instead of behaving like children crying for the moon? They are endlessly praising those downtrodden homelands of theirs; they are hysterical or bitter when they have been granted everything, including God's country. Worse still, when one tries to take a kindly interest, they grow suddenly mute and turn away their eyes upon some furtive secret.

This secret they could hardly share with you, Pharisee, for you would not understand. Have you not been thanking God for being decent and normal in an abnormal age? Thanking Him for not having chosen you to follow Him up the slope of Golgotha; to fall in the dust as He fell; to raise a polluted face like that which met Veronica's compassionate, pure white veil? The only portrait left to us by Christ was painted in spit, dirt and blood.



in all the stark shame of the Cross He died with the brand of  
theism—He Who was God!

A few artists, mainly Spanish, in love with the gruesome or  
with truth, have given us realistic pictures of the Crucified. One  
can hardly bear to look at the festering sores and matted hair.

And I wonder if you, Pharisee, can bear to look at the fol-  
lowing picture.

## The Other Kingdom

David Rousset, in his brilliant book *The Other Kingdom*, has  
depicted a strange universe that he knows so well—the world of  
concentration camps. This book is to fact what *The Twenty-Fifth  
Hour* is to fiction. The "Concentrationary Universe" has its laws,  
neither divine nor human. They are founded on a hideous bureau-  
cracy of mechanized coercion and torture. If you can abide by the  
laws, you survive, in some sort; if you do not, you die. Survival  
means falling to a low animal level. You look, act and feel like  
an animal. A tortured animal at that!

There are those who cheat the law: the brute and the saint.  
The one because he vies in cruelty with the administration and  
outwits it through craft and stealth. Thus he establishes a sort of  
aristocracy, with attendant authority over other inmates. He  
surps privileges of food and comfort scavenged from the weakest.  
That is beyond the law, but the law shuts its eyes. This is a bonus!

The whole system, you must understand, is based on abject  
fear, derived from its extreme rigor and indignities. So that the  
slave who holds some in terror beneath him (but still trembles  
before those above him) may heave himself, step by step, during  
a period of years, to the highest echelon in the hierarchy of con-  
centrated oppression. He has taken all the courses and knows his  
lesson well. He can't be tricked easily. Thus the system is pre-  
served in all its purity. And the brute keeps his body whole.

The other, the saint, cheats in a much more subtle way. Hav-  
ing neither body nor soul of his own, he is difficult to bend. On  
the altar of sacrifice he has laid them down. However torn, filthy  
or abused they are, a new dignity is lent to their indignities. The  
law lets this be because it is baffled and cannot cope with the situa-  
tion. The law sometimes notices nothing. And the saint keeps  
his soul whole.

But the average slave must follow the law and stand its tests.  
Any memory of the normal, even if it is a prison cell in the home-  
land or a terrible journey in cattle-cars, has to be banished. All  
remnants of humanity must be wiped out. Identity disappears.

Stripped and shorn, he is a mere numeral of the administration. And the abnormal takes over.

In that other world the prevailing idea was that of life. It pulsed and throbbed everywhere and reigned gloriously, pervading every word and every act. Here death reigns everywhere and there is no escape. It obscures the sky itself, mournfully veiled by the fumes of the huge crematories that yield endlessly their diabolical incense. It girdles the camp with electric barbed wires that hold "Danger of Death." It rises in turrets with armed sentinels. It crawls on the ground and rises neatly packed against the walls. In the day-time only sick and disabled people inhabit the camp. They go their way, but suddenly one reels and lies, sprawling like a broken doll. The doll may be picked up, still warm and a little alive, and stacked away in a tray of the crematory.

Awakening to a new day may mean, often, to feel a dead weight on one's chest—that of a corpse. Out of four or five prisoners, huddled on a bed of hard planks, one has died during the night. If the guards can be eluded, the body will be propped against the wall. For two or three days, till the stench betrays it, the corpse may get a ration of food.

At work, hard labor in mines or quarries, there may be a shirker. The guard lifts his whip and strikes. But the whip does not hurt; the slave is dead.

The workers crawl home at dusk, dead to everything but craving for food and rest—a mirage, for they get only a caricature of these human comforts. As a welcome wheel-barrow, vaguely outlined, pass in procession. In them sit huge naked puppets, waving arms and legs in hideous salute, their heads nodding grotesquely. The corpses are giving a *danse macabre* before feeding the crematory its evening meal.

The law allows a little leisure. So hard is pleasure to kill in the hearts of men that some slaves give a poor imitation of shouting and jumping, a pale travesty of a game. But some of the players overdo it and fall over dead. The others throw back their heads and laugh, and laugh. Did not they laugh in that other world for the pure joy of seeing others alive?

The normal day comes to a close. May the jailers be in a good mood and serve a normal meal! The number of atom-ports does not generally equal the number of starved slaves. There is a desperate scuffle and the weakest do not survive. They would have soon died anyhow!

There are holidays prescribed by the law. Then an execution may take place. An orchestra of slaves is forced to play and the

headsman may be a slave. His task is made pleasant by the aspect of the gallows, which is wreathed in roses. The law thinks of everything. Or a large group of people is herded into a gas-chamber that bears the sadistic warning, "Danger to Life." A perfect death, from a scientific standpoint, will be assured in the minimum time to the maximum number. Or a slave may have rebelled and is tortured before a large audience. Perhaps a nun that prayed openly.

To the wanderer, from behind planks, on a heap of rubble, come strange sounds. If he remembers something of the other world, the funny little animals that meet his eye bear the name children. Born in camp, they know nothing but to cringe and suffer. However, Mother Nature is trying to fill a void. They are doing their best to laugh. Horrible spasms shake them. Harsh tones escape. Their puckered little features seem very, very old. It may be that they have known hard labor (the law allows it from the age of four).

At the end of the holiday, if the guard is facetious, the slave may have to beg for his food on all fours, barking or neighing as commanded. He may have to chew filth—or worse—to amuse his master.

Dusk falls and he worms into his mean, lice-infested bunk. But not to sleep. He is too tired, too bruised and too frightened. There are murmurs of shameful advances, settlings of hatreds. Human vultures steal out to feed on decayed human flesh. Here night as well as day contains a terrible meaning.

Notwithstanding, if the slave succeeds in becoming totally ground into invisible dust; if he schools himself never to shudder with disgust or hatred; if he can laugh with his masters and applaud all measures and lose all semblance to a man, then he may live, according to the law.

## The Two Worlds Meet

That was the lesson taught to the men, women and children who came back, one by one. They came back with shorn heads and hideous, striped rags, but above all with a look in their eyes that was unfathomable. Arms were stretched out, welcome was fervently extended, timid questions asked. The answers had no sense for the living world. Those who had mourned in anguish, but lived for hope of reunion, were met by a strange stare—a stare majestic in its way, contemptuous, heavy with veiled mystery. Those who had seen many people die were reminded of the ironic, proud reserve that clothes a death-mask.



A man came back to his rejoicing wife. An army officer under the armistice oath, he had been discovered by the Gestapo leading an underground ring and condemned to be shot. Miraculously he was reprieved and allowed the grace of the concentration camp. Hard labor at a temperature of thirty below zero sent him to the infirmary with acute pleurisy. Lack of space or the law ordered him back to work within ten days. This meant certain death. He had a wife and five children. He chose to shirk work. That meant thirty lashes a day with a weighty leather strap. When the camp was liberated he was a mass of fractured bones. The face that met his family, a month later, was the face of Lazarus.

"Of course, I killed to live," he would say with deadly simplicity. Questioned about the Nazis, he would answer: "I understand them very well; I became one." With surprising agility, he adapted himself to his battered, divided country, and the necessity of making a living for his family. Energetic and resourceful, he rebuilt the material walls of civilization. But a mention of love, tenderness or spirituality, and he would break into an awful laugh. If hatred or revenge were named, he would shrug his shoulders. With tears pouring down her face, his tender, desperate wife moaned, a year later: "I know now what Hell means. They have killed his soul!"

The deportees asked for no pity and, generally speaking, got none. Crowds rushed in perverse, gloating enjoyment to a "Museum of Concentration Atrocities," where scraps of bleeding flesh were attached to barbed wires. You got the thrill, even if they came from the butcher's shop. In the excitement of viewing this and subsequent atrocity-films, the victims were forgotten. It became rather poor taste to harp on individual cases or try to get help. Some lurid cases, whose history gave goose-flesh to many a cocktail-party or dinner, left the hospital friendless and travelled home on hard, third-class benches. To get a job for them was a problem.

Those who still wondered about them noticed one thing. They wished to be forgotten. Unlike the war prisoners, who had returned uplifted and spiritualized by their common sacrifice and friendship and who loved to congregate, the deportees, in general, refused to meet again. If they had looked in the mirror of each other's eyes, they might, like Hoffmann, have seen the Unmentionable.

### **Vae Victis**

From a certain angle, it is false to assume that all concentration camp victims were forgotten. Bureaucracy took charge. In-

individual cases, filed and docketed, were packed in boxes and sent to the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg. They became case-histories for the prosecution. In the archives saints and sinners piled one upon another, indiscriminately, as it used to be in a camp.

The trial opened and the world came to listen. But the philosophers did not bother to go to Nuremberg. They had already guessed. A few of the very hopeful or the very naive went to hear the great new message of world history. Then a pack of wolves rushed in—unforgiving, unperceiving and above all things snug.

The newcomer, arriving in court, experienced a sense of shock. His glance wavered from the defendants to the judges; from the prosecutors to the defense counsel. He could not quite make up his mind which was which.

The twenty-one great Nazis sat at attention under the leadership of the last of the Borgias, Herman Goering, whose lazy, contemptuous gaze and sardonic grin would travel slowly across the court-room till they pounced upon the Soviet Judges. No sentimentalist, he knew how he would have treated them and expected much the same. His only pleasure was to promote difficult situations and see others wriggle out of accusations as heavy as his own. In his last speech, he let fall the words: "I accuse myself of defeat."

Probably, in his cell at night, Hermann would dream. He would fondly picture himself, with roles reversed, summoning each of the indicting nations to the bar. Britain would be accused of burning Dresden alive and of the mass-murder of Mers-el-Kebir; France of her short-lived and tiny but organized concentration camps, and the destruction, in blood, hatred and ingratitude, of some of her best citizens. America took a prize with the launching of the Atom Bomb, the betrayal of Poland and, subsequently, of half of the world. When the Soviet turn came, Goering would find himself apologizing for the inadequacies of his own methods.

The defendants were a strange group. Some might have been pe-men, lords of the underworld, subhuman beings. Others had the clear-cut looks of soldiers and navy-men such as we all know. The former were proved guilty beyond all imagination; the latter were innocent except for having obeyed military orders. But all would be condemned in the same manner.

Before them sat the defense-counselors, whose features bore the stamp of pain and shame. All anti-Nazis, they had paid tribute to their faith and courage in concentration camps or in loss of security. Now they wallowed in horrors committed by their beloved

Vaterland and defended the men who had persecuted them. Their cross was heavy but the allied press took no risks. They were krauts and you couldn't trust the best of them.

The masquerade went on. Sentence fell in a tense atmosphere. Eleven men were sentenced to the gallows, ten to confinement. The judge faltered a little as he pronounced the fateful words. The defendants showed great courage.

The wolves and vultures showed more fortitude still. The papers sniggered delicately at the women who would be widows tomorrow. Free champagne flowed on the night preceding the execution. One indignant woman dashed her glass to the ground, exclaiming, "I don't want it, it belongs to them!"

Macabre pictures of the executions and huge portraits of the headsman smeared the papers next morning. Happy as children, the journalists went to visit the site of execution and crack a joke or two. Then they peered curiously through the narrow windows of a sort of human zoo. By special favor, this being a holiday, they were granted the privilege of looking into the cells of the defendants sentenced to prison. The latter, white and shaken by a terrible night, the sounds of which had reached them, looked up in a daze, uncomprehending, or turned their backs. "I prefer the Roman circus," said a disgusted Englishman. But with squeaks of joy, the tourists scuttled off to a new attraction—the clothes worn by the condemned at the time of execution.

In his solitary splendor did Hermann Goering, the great cheat, wear the same lazy smile? Did he know beforehand how short was the distance between Buchenwald and Nuremberg?

### **The Triumph of Justice**

On the outskirts of Nuremberg lay huge D. P. camps. In them were human beings who had borne the successive horror-waves of Nazis and Soviets. In dreariness, squalor and discomfort, their lives could be compared to what they experienced in concentration camps. And where were they going? What fate was to be theirs? They really ought to be satisfied. Had not several important men been hung for their sakes? Would not others be punished? They must not be unreasonable and expect to be remembered and loved individually by individuals, but to be visited and helped only by charitable mass-organizations.

An American chaplain, with rather preconceived ideas about East and West, good and bad people, victor and vanquished, arrived at one of these camps with lofty notions of rehabilitation. He began to give cocktail and coca-cola parties to encourage fusion between D.P.'s and allies. They were not very successful. Glamour

was absent on one side, comprehension on the other. The D.P.'s—with one more bruise—refused to come again. Few of the others came.

Two months later, some friends met him, a chastened and older man. "What can I do," he cried, "How can I help them? How can I preach modesty to women who have suffered hideous indignities; brotherly love to fathers whose children were torn to pieces under their very eyes, and detachment to people who have lost even their country? I can only fall on my knees and ask them to teach me."

## The Rainbow

Had God cast all men aside in anger? The wonder of it is *TO!* Some hearts still remembered the great lesson of atonement and redemption. The opposite scale of divine justice was rising slowly in the conscience of mankind. Mind and intellect were not yet able to solve the great riddle of responsibility, but Love, merrering Love, did not falter. Hands were held out from the innocent to the guilty in heroic compassion and infinite understanding.

Perhaps the greatest figure, in one oppressed country, was a German Catholic chaplain. Brooding tenderly over the Gestapo, its tortures and its prisons, he managed to transcend it. Gentle, loving and persistent, obedient only to God, he daily braved disgrace and loss of liberty from his countrymen. On the other side, he got contempt and hatred from many prisoners who suspected him of being a stool-pigeon.

No breviary was ever thicker, loaded with dying prayers and messages. No pockets clinked more with gold, the gold of wedding-rings pulled off fingers that would soon be lifeless. A pious shepherd, he led his flock to the small bald mount where executions were held; descending slowly, on his way back, twice mourning, twice wiping from his brow the sweat of agony.

One day he received, by appointment, the simple passionate widow of a communist leader. Her husband had been shot for underground activities, her baby had died from exposure during harrying man-hunt. Primitive and tortured, she wanted to know details of the execution. Then, she had vowed, she would leap the chaplain's throat. He was a German, wasn't he?

The visit was a long one. The priest was very tired and walked slowly. That very morning he had helped many men die. Painfully, haltingly, his patient, scholarly face more and more spiritualized, he tried to recall the details. He told of the great difficulty of persuading young and healthy men—who believed



they were serving their country—that they were about to die. He told of the infinite mercy of God Who had allowed these atheists to be imprisoned with a great Christian who had converted them. Before dying they reverted to their faith or were baptized. In the hour preceding the execution of these sixteen men, some had received four Sacraments—for a marriage in extremis had been performed. "Poor children," he sighed, "poor children"! Then he gently pressed the woman's shoulder till she fell on her knees. Blessing her, he slipped the badge of widowhood on her toil-worn finger.

Outside, on the street, she walked in silence, bemused. Then, in awkward apology she muttered, "I couldn't bear a grudge. He has more pain than I."

And that is perhaps why, two months later, in the liberated city, the crowd failed to discover two German women that were to be punished for treason. This selfsame woman had hidden them. "Their tears would not wipe away mine," she said.

At Nuremberg, in sinister catacombs, two American chaplains toiled silently, lovingly. They had a loftier trial in mind—the trial of these poor souls meeting their Redeemer. They healed the revolted, converted the repentant, consoled the despairing, listened to the just.

Their faces also bore a look of pain and shame. The Protestant seemed bewildered. The Catholic gazed far beyond into space.

On the last day the grim, ascetic monk travelled endlessly from a cold garret to a prison cell, carrying the last love-letters that would be read in this world. The tender and sentimental Protestant composed a prayer of heroic humility, offering to the Almighty "his beloved Brother's soul" as if it were his very own. The beloved brothers were Goering, Julius Streicher and the rest.

They were not very popular and nearly got into trouble for their charity. But they showed the light to the very few of good will. They called for compassion toward the desolate widows prostrated by grief. Thanks to them, a woman seared by Nazism went up four bombed flights of stairs to visit a Nazi widow. A stone fell on her heart when she beheld the figure that came to greet her. Or rather death stepped out. Never did a human face look more like a skull, or were eye sockets more dried of tears. Yet she was radiantly beautiful. The shadow of the Cross rose behind her, mixed with that of the gallows. After a time, she murmured: "I am not guilty, but as a Christian I am responsible. I will atone." The impulse that threw them in each other's arms

was irresistible. They gave nothing away. Each received, to the point of wonder, the other's charity. Each restored a country to the other.

To concentration camps, like pale ghosts, returned some who had only just left them. Doctors, nurses and friends sought out friends left behind and victims of a new concentration, that of disease. As typhus raged, these willing Cyrenes redeemed more than their share.

Many priests and some orders, first among them the Benedictines, applied the sacred rules of asylum of the Church.

Conciliation rose on a larger scale. For instance, in one of the German zones. After a degrading era of rape, revenge and brutality, of eye for eye and tooth for tooth, disgust and remorse arose. Then reflection came. If wars and enmity were to be stopped forever, such things would not help. What the vanquished lacked, the victor would help supply. A large body of students and teachers moved in with books of immortal wisdom and the experience of an older civilization. Love came to destroy old hatreds. Abandoning studies and careers, they started teaching with patience and good will. They shared their still meager rations with people hungrier than they, as brother shares with brother. They learned a greater lesson than the one in books—the lesson of mutual respect and humanity given and taken.

In some hearts no amazement echoed when the Schuman-Adenauer pact was announced. It was the first French Catholic move in politics since the Revolution.

### **Love Thy Neighbor**

Can this movement be extended to the world? It is doubtful. Our Lord did not attempt it. For He did not come to save all men, but every man, which is very different. And every man as you or me.

We must revert to the very essence of charity. We must consider its natal meaning, in the light of Saint Paul. Charity is not the more or less contemptuous distribution of alms from the haves to the have-nots. It is the second commandment: Love thy neighbor as thyself.

Hold out your arms to all the sorrows, all the humiliations and all the sins of your brother. Press them against your heart till they are imbedded in the flesh and become your very own. Then kneel at his feet and ask for forgiveness for having let him carry his load alone. Let him feel the gift, the immense favor of being allowed to love him, till this mutual love flows to and fro, strengthened from one to the other.

Take nothing for granted—but by grace—neither honor kindness nor human dignity. God has loved some of his children so much that he has taken everything from them, even the joy of giving. And it is only with a feeling of thirsty humility and loving envy that we can approach our suffering brothers. Then only will our hands be pure enough to hold the white veil of Veronica and wipe their faces clean.

### Envoi

Therefore, if you have heard, O Pharisee! shed all your pretenses on the high steps, under the flooded lights. Proceed down the aisle to the furthest corner of the church. Prostrated in the dark, eating dust, let the heavy cross of contrition bite into your shoulders. Then only can you lift your eyes, that have been bent in humble charity, to a gleam of faith and hope.

A vision may show you, under the vaults of the Eternal, Suffering Church, the glimpse of a strange procession. A procession of saints, elected for present needs through Infallible Wisdom.

Heading them might march the towering figure of a Hungarian Cardinal, with torn mantle and haggard eyes—the saint of insanity. This is a Prince of the Church who debased himself to the loftiest peaks of humility; who consciously accepted to testify unconsciously to the glory of God. Here is a Pastor, dead to the world as no soul-shepherd ever was, who leads his flock through the grace of the Holy Ghost. This is a man of wisdom whose mad brain can only echo the words of His dying Master: "*Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthani!*"

ANNE TAILLEFER



### THE SAFE ONES

Little souls and stunted,

Stand so stiffly-necked,

And judge the crippled bones of men

Whose spirits stand erect.

## LOBOTOMY, CYBERNETICS and CHARITY

The general principle underlying rehabilitation of those who have suffered from mental illness is the safeguarding of a discharged patient from relapse when he is returned from the hospital to his old environment. In the first place there must be a smoothing process whereby gradually the patient is brought to a realization of the world outside; and, in the second place, as far as is possible, those aspects of his old environment which may have aggravated, precipitated or even caused the psychosis are removed. As such, rehabilitation is an integral part of the total treatment.

If you ask a scientist what the positive side of rehabilitation is, as distinct from its negative aspect of preventing a relapse, he will tell you that it consists in a re-education to social normality. The facts are, he will tell you, that few psychotics can earn their own livings, that many of them are unable to live on terms of equality with their fellows, that all of them are a nuisance to their relatives. Thus in the manic cycle of manic depression a patient may be homicidal, and in the depressive cycle he may be suicidal. The schizophrenic is out of this world and the involutional melancholic is a complaining Atlas, carrying the weight of the world and bitterly protesting to his relatives. Few scientists will go further than this. If they put a man back in society, they consider they have done their job. Few of them would be prepared to debate that any psychotic in himself, as distinct from society, has a tremendous personal value because he is made in the image of God. Few of them would accept that any discharged psychotic has a right to be rehabilitated to a sense of his own transcendental value, as well as a right to be rehabilitated to social values. In fact we find that not infrequently the patient's sense of his own value, or at least his capacity to sense his own value, is destroyed in favor of social normality. Let us substantiate this claim by facts.

### Rehabilitation by Force

In the United States two Neurosurgeons named Freeman and Watts recently pioneered a daring piece of brain surgery known as Lobotomy, or Prefrontal Leukotomy. The instigator of the operation was a Portuguese Cerebral Angiographer named Egas Moniz. The technique is now twelve years old. It is world-wide and countless patients have undergone the operation. At first the operation was limited to hopeless cases but now its scope has widened. It may be performed on neurotics as well as psychotics, and even performed on people who have no psychic troubles at



all. The original operation has evolved and there are now several ways in which it can be done. In the opinion of a number of clinically minded psychiatrists its justification lies in the fact that social rehabilitation takes place very rapidly after a short period of post-operative hospitalization.

The operation itself consists basically in the severance of some of the white fibres which connect the prefrontal lobes with the rest of the brain. There are variations on this basic theme. The nuclei of the thalamus in the mid-brain, which sends projections to the prefrontal lobes, may be destroyed by electrical ablation. The operation is an empirical procedure which procures certain effects in ways which are not known or in ways which are only speculative. After lobotomy there is frequently but not always an erasing of the anti-social symptoms characteristic of the psychoses. There is often an immediate rehabilitation. The manic ceases to be homicidal, the depressive to be suicidal, the melancholic to be miserable. They often secure employment, for at surface levels intelligence is unimpaired. They are less trouble or no trouble to relatives or society. That the roots of the psychosis or severe neurosis have not been touched is obvious. What has happened is a disappearance or lessening of symptoms, a rehabilitation partial or complete toward society. If these are the criteria of cure, then some patients after lobotomy are cured. The trouble is that not only have they lost their disturbing anti-social symptoms; they have lost other things as well.

The post-operative personality after lobotomy is rarely the same as the pre-operative one. What that personality is going to be cannot be forecast with any accuracy before the operation. Different individuals react in different ways, but a common mode of reaction is a falling-off in the level of the patient's personality. Thus in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society of Medicine for 1947, it was noted that in thirty-one examined cases of lobotomized patients, the following deteriorations were seen: selfishness, egocentricity, inconsiderate behavior, deterioration of personal habits and manners, aggressiveness, irritability, lessening of affection, apathy, lethargy, lack of initiative, volubility, laziness, emotional facility, childishness, loss of sense of responsibility.

Professor Golla was moved to write in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society of Medicine for 1947: "It becomes apparent that in the early post-leukotomy period we are dealing with personalities exhibiting an impairment of the power of ethical valuation." How right he is. The deteriorations listed above should

be compared with the list of the seven deadly sins. Not that the patient is responsible—we are dealing with effects of the operation. It should be obvious to all, however, that only the most serious reasons will justify an operation from which some of the above effects may follow. If it is to be done, it should be the last resort, when other methods have failed, when the pre-operative personality has largely disintegrated and the relatives have consented. The relatives should be told, incidentally, what they are consenting to. They should be told that quite likely what foresight or insight the patient has may disappear, what appreciation or capacity to appreciate spiritual values is there may not be there any more. Further if the patient can grasp the situation he should be told as well.

These personal deficits, however, are not always deficits in the social personality of the patient. Precisely because the operation lowers the personality to a simpler level of reaction it is possible to move among other individuals without any of those disorderly reactions requiring a richness of personality which is no longer there. Rehabilitation has occurred; it is always possible to find a place in the herd for an uncomplaining cow. Thus Freeman and Watts can write of their patients: "In round figures one third recover, one third improve and one third fail to improve."

### **Rehabilitation and Pain**

This operation has been extended to cover psychologically normal cases who suffer from intractable pain due to a pathological organ condition such as cancer. In 1949 the Massachusetts General Hospital sponsored an enquiry into the use of lobotomy for the relief of pain. They refer in this report to "the certain alteration in personality, and impairment of higher intellectual processes that accompany bilateral frontal leukotomy." Pain is relieved; the relatives are spared, hence some social rehabilitation is possible. The patient can play gin rummy with his friends, but what an inversion of values to balance relief of pain against destruction of personality, to cut off the head to remove the headache, to deny the value of the Crown of Thorns by negating the value of the sufferer.

### **Rehabilitation and Shock**

Instead of the Snake Pit or the Ice Cold Bath, the psychotic may be rehabilitated by Electro-Convulsant Therapy. If discharged, for example, and he or she is showing signs of recurrence of depression and misery, it is possible to shift them over to mild hypomania and joy by shooting electrical currents through their temples. In theory this is supposed to knock out temporarily the

function of the frontal lobes and thus achieve reversibly and temporarily what lobotomy achieves irreversibly and quasi-permanently. There may be foci of guilt or remorse in the patient but these can be pole-axed as effectively as the patient. Once upon a time the treatment was largely drugs, cannabis derivatives for the depressives, insulin for the schizophrenics, but the Aspirin Age has given way to the Wiener Age and brains are more like electronic machines. They need mechanics or electrical engineers to change the valves or re-design the circuits. "Ethics," wrote Grey Walter, an English exponent of Cybernetics, "is negative feedback." So the frontal lobes have to be short-circuited as in Lobotomy, or discharged like condensers as in Convulsant Therapy. God rid us of Cybernetics, and if ever we become mental let us stay in our psychic hells with hope of entry into heaven, rather than gambol in some electrical or lobotomized paradise while the shadows deepen in our souls. If that is the way of rehabilitation we ought to stay in our isolation rather than return to society with consciences painlessly extracted, amoral and friends with any man, no longer enemies to ourselves but gaily unrepentant, contentedly promiscuous, selfish, gluttonous, vinous and bonhomous, euphoriant, facile and spiritually numb but able to drink at the bar.

### **The Ordinary Discharged Patient**

Let us assume that a patient has been discharged and is returning to the environment of the home. What practical suggestions can be offered to those in the home to assist in the rehabilitation of that patient? First of all we must emphasize that the main principle must be to keep alive what conception of his or her value the patient retains, or to give them a conception of their own value if they are lacking in one. They must feel or be brought to feel that they are loved; that God loves them; that you want their love; that God wants their love. In the hospital they will have been in an institution, now they should be brought to realize that they are home. They need something to cling to in their consciousness, especially in times of stress, when the dark forces of the unconscious may be ready to submerge them and cause a relapse. It cannot be said that a good home will prevent the onset of a psychosis but it can be said that a bad home background will tend to precipitate latent tendencies and occasion a relapse. There is no rehabilitation therapy as good as family charity. Only this will give the patient that sense of value which is like a rock to cling to in the middle of a flood.

Some general suggestions may now be offered. If what the patient does is praiseworthy it should be praised; if blameworthy

it should not be blamed. He should never be threatened, victimized or lied to and whatever he does should only be judged in terms of his recuperating personality. Whenever possible he should receive ease and reassurance and be kept out of difficult situations which might occasion emotional storms. In the early stages his social contacts should be smoothed by the exclusion of any visitors who would jeer at his condition or distress him by their tactlessness. He should be brought into contact with selected friends. He should at all costs be encouraged to choose some form of creative work which satisfies him. Without such an interest he will probably not retain his newly won mental health; with such an interest he will consolidate it.

Briefly, it is up to the patient's relatives or to his friends to enable him to start a new life, and it is not sufficient only to cater for his material needs. The whole patient, body and soul, must be loved in charity. Some particular examples may be given.

### **Rehabilitation and the Schizophrenic**

The discharged schizophrenic patient will be returned most likely to the care of his or her parents, since the incidence of the illness is mainly between the ages of 15-25.

Such parents are not infrequently lacking in insight and it is up to them to analyze themselves. Their contribution as a precipitating factor may well have been a stifling of the child's development, by the imposing of an iron routine which has deprived the child in the past of playmates and driven it inwards on to itself. Their son or daughter may have been ploughed rigorously into a sterile rut of useless, joyless and non-productive habits. The sledge hammer of the puritanical, patriarchal conscience imposed vigilantly from without may have hastened the split within. They may have destroyed the young one's faith. He no longer believes in the reality of the world without. That faith must be built up ceaselessly with a new respect for the sensitivity of the discharged patient. The bands of family routine must be broken in favor of a new liberty; interesting social contacts should be supplied. Mass, Benediction and the Family Rosary are all ways of subtly underlining a new belief in the social fabric of man. Parish sodalities with their common interests, youth clubs, and a latch-key to the front door are further ways of proving the liberty of the children of God. In the Mystical Body of Christ no one need feel isolated and alone.

### **Rehabilitation and Manic Depression**

The patient discharged from the hospital will still retain tendencies to mania or depression or to their alternations. In the



mild manic stage parents, relatives or friends should endeavor to prevent the wheel from spinning too quickly by endeavoring to soothe the patient down, by kind and firm management of him, by preventing excitement, and finding legitimate outlets for the excess energy. It is remarkable how competitive games will free him from over-aggressiveness. The manic's tendency is always toward a grandiose conception of himself; it is always out-going and extraverted; he is a master of self-assertion who will brook no contradictions. He should not be contradicted; for sometimes the development of the disorder is in compensation for the fact that the patient in the family has never been allowed to assert himself.

In the alternating phase of depression the patient has an infinitely low opinion of himself. In the manic tendency the surplus affect was projected outwards from the patient and if directed creatively could have been of great constructural value; but now in depression the surplus affect is turned inwards: the self becomes the pre-occupation of the patient, a self which occupies all the mental horizon, which is covered with clouds of guilt and fear of punishment. The affect now works destructively, the patient is miserable and often looks to death as the organic peace which will terminate his misery. The elation of mania is replaced by self-abasement. No sin could not have been committed by him. He is the creature of Satan, doomed to the pit, in the middle of the wood with no way out. If schizophrenia was loss of faith in reality, depression is the loss of hope. When these tendencies are becoming manifest it is a sign that the patient needs the love of God. Very often the gentle and incessant instilling of God's love by a charitable relative will give the patient straws to cling to, a rope to grasp as he totters on the abyss of despair. For him, as for the patient with manic tendencies the Sacrament of the Eucharist is the best anodyne: for the latter to cool the flame of elation, for the former to fire the ashes of despair. No pains should be spared to stimulate the melancholic and the depressive to discover some object worthy of love. If faith and hope are dead, charity will often revive them.

ALAN KEENAN, O.F.M.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

### A Heap of Little Heaps

#### FOOTNOTES FOR THE ATOM

By Vincent Edward Smith

Bruce, \$3.50

The great sin today is to be unscientific. Of course it goes by other names such as impractical, unrealistic, inefficient, and imprudent.

These epithets have replaced the traditional Christian sins of religion, lack of faith, pride, injustice, and so on. There are few people who look upon these two sets of criteria as antagonistic. The Church, trying as always to spare the consciences of the faithful, has emphasized by repetition that there is no incompatibility between faith and science. In spite of this, no more than a handful of Catholic men are engaged in the sciences, whether they be doctors, physicists, engineers, psychiatrists, or research technicians, who are able to show any compatibility between the two.

Since methodology has invaded every sphere of life from house-keeping to manufacturing atom bombs, there are more and more people every day who are tempted to conclude that religion has nothing to do with science, and of the two, religion seems to be the one at fault. Accepting babies as they come (a religious recommendation) seems to be a quixotic tilt with the economic windmill. The supernatural act of charity seems so ungainly by contrast with methodical case-work. Letting everybody into the Church seems to be so unplanned in the light of modern aptitude tests and screening techniques. The moral doctrines of the Church, especially in their application, seem so archaic and arbitrary by contrast with the standard operating procedure of, say, the Army or the Bell Telephone system.

All of this adds up to the fact that, faced with a choice, popular sentiment is adopting the scientific attitude in preference to the religious attitude. This does not always mean a complete apostasy, but it usually results in a partial apostasy to the degree that more and more areas of life come out from under the normal jurisdiction of religion.

Dr. Smith, who is at one and the same time a competent scientist and a scholastic philosopher, deals at great length with this problem on a philosophic basis. Science does not strike at religion directly, but by rejecting the primacy of metaphysics it makes itself the measure not only of itself but of all other things as well. His first chapter describes the empiriological method which is the method according to which the rational scientist operates. This method does not concern itself with things as they *are* but solely with things as they are effected or determined by other things. This method is valuable for the sake of calculating reactions, but it is of no value whatever for knowing things as they are in themselves, nor has it any value as a key to the understanding of life.

When this attitude is brought to bear upon human behavior all the emphasis is placed upon the potential and indeterminate elements of life without regard for immutable actual reality. Thus the thing under scrutiny, whether it be a man or an atom, is looked upon merely as a locus for the interplay of various determining factors. A man is only a place where something is happening, and, so too, is an atom. The only differ-

ence between the two is the difference between the reactions that occur in either area.

Dr. Smith describes the various theories which led to speculations concerning the release of atomic energy and which eventuated in the development of the bomb. In an uncanny fashion secular history, because it gave primacy to the empiriological method, not only made the bomb possible but also disposed men to its *improper* use. Preoccupation with potency is bound to lead to the releasing of power. A society preoccupied with nothing but an infinite series of causes and effects is bound to move in the direction of force and power politics.

Power can only be held in check by ultimatums. These final judgments are made by philosophy and religion. Potency does not exist apart from act. *Act is*. And *that* is a final judgment and an ultimatum. To the scientist (not as a rational being but just within the limits of his inquiry) the universe may be just a heap of little heaps, but to the philosopher these various heaps are all identifiable. They have being. They exist. This same certitude is required as a reasonable disposition to faith. Above all else God *is*, and man *is*, and things *are*. Whatever flux may be noted depends for its final measure on the immutable fact of being.

The greater part of this book deals with concepts of power, integrity, unity, equality, co-operation and destiny as they are derived from the misapplication of the empiriological method, as compared with the same concepts derived from the certitude of *being*. The author, who is probably an excellent teacher, is not loath to repeat himself over and over again so that his main point of distinction will be made clear. It takes some imagination to see behind his restrained and careful text the awful blossom of the bomb, which in its monumental violence perfectly symbolizes the disease of soul that can come from setting the *fact* upon a pedestal which was meant for Truth Incarnate.

I recommend this book only to the reader who considers abstract conclusions to be of great benefit. Dr. Smith makes little attempt to build stairs that lead from the abstract to the concrete. It does follow however that without the theoretical clarity provided by such a book as this, Catholic action technicians will be forever devising techniques with which to compensate for their ignorance of what is really wrong. This inordinate emphasis upon technique carried to the extreme of anti-intellectualism is itself a reflection of the very thing Dr. Smith condemns. Truth, goodness, and beauty, rather than contemplated in their *being*, are placed as the last reaction at the tail end of a process.

*Footnotes For The Atom* is a difficult book to digest, but the difficulties should be regarded as a challenge by those who feel called upon to face the enemies of the Church in our time.

ED WILLOCK

## Supernatural Phenomena

### VISIONS AND REVELATIONS IN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

By Fr. Gabriel, O.D.C.

Newman, \$2.25

In language devoid of technicalities, Fr. Gabriel discusses the meaning of visions and revelations in the spiritual life, the attitude of the soul toward them, and the

means whereby the director, when necessary, may make a judgment concerning them.



Father Gabriel is insistent on the fact that these extraordinary phenomena are purely secondary even in the life of the mystic. He is at pains to prove that there is no divergence on the point between Saint Theresa and Saint John of the Cross, and offers an explanation of what seems to be a divergence between them.

He depends most closely on Saint Theresa for a description of these phenomena, which are, specifically, locutions and visions, either external, imaginative or intellectual. In recommending an attitude which the favored soul should adapt toward such gifts, he follows closely the doctrine of Saint John of the Cross. This doctrine is summed up in the words: "*No admitir*," "Do not receive them." Which means, do not be concerned about such things if they occur and above all, do not desire them.

Father Gabriel wisely points out that for the most part such an attitude may be sufficient even for the director; at least, such must be his advice to the soul. There are cases where further investigation is necessary however, when, for example, the voices command some external work. Sometimes reason, enlightened by faith, should be enough. At other times a more careful investigation is necessary, especially when a soul is frequently favored with these phenomena. Father Gabriel concludes his little book with a brief summary of the rules for the discernment of spirits.

J. V. C.

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### OUR WRITERS

EILEEN EGAN works with War Relief Services—NCWC . . . JOHN DOE obviously wishes to remain anonymous . . . ANNE TAILLEFER is a French woman who carried on an individual apostolate of relief to Gestapo victims before and after their liberation; she spent five months in Nuremberg during the trials . . . FATHER KEENAN is an English Franciscan, author of *Neuroses and Sacraments* (Sheed & Ward).

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**THE MONKS WHO WORRIED** (\$1.00) by **Russell Colinge**. You see four of them sitting down so as to worry better.

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